

I Remember

I remember, I remember,
When I first began to creep,
How I could not straight into mischief—
How I would not go to sleep—
How I pulled the table linen,
With its contents on the floor;
How my mother spanked me for it,
Till my tender flesh was sore.

I remember, I remember,
When I first began to talk;
And I also do remember
Well the day I tried to walk;
Firm I grasped old Jowler's collar,
But he gave a sudden flap,
So into a pan of water,
Jowler said this child "kag-slop."

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little child,
How my fancy used to lead me,
Into scenes most strange and wild;
How I thought that the loud thunder
Was a chariot swiftly driven,
By some big and mighty giant,
Thro' the rock-paved streets of heaven.

I remember, I remember,
When I used to go to school,
How I kept a watchful eye on
The schoolmaster's rod and ruler;
How I cut up monkey shins
Every time his back was turned—
How I sometimes used to catch it,
When I did not my lesson learned.

I remember, I remember,
When I went to hooking practices,
How a dog came and caught me
By the backside of my breeches;
How I hung out the bushes—
How the dog hung fast to me,
Till my crying brought a man who
Flagged me most awfully.

I remember, I remember,
When the girls I used to kiss,
How I thought it rather funny,
But gave it no extra bliss;
Now it seizes me with rapture,
Now it fills my soul with joy;
Yet with all my amorous pressures,
Would that I were still a boy.

BY N. B. DUCKS.

[illegible]

BY A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR.

Among the many acquaintances that my profession enabled me to make in the swamp, no one afforded me more pleasure than Jerry Wilson, son of a small planter resident some few miles from my Shingle. There was something so manly and frank in his bearing that our feelings were irresistibly attracted towards him. In my case it proved to be mutual: he seemed to take the same interest in me, and we soon became bosom friends. A severe attack of congestive fever that I carried him through successfully, riveted him to me forever, and Jerry, upon all and every occasion, stood ready to take up the gauntlet in my defence, as willingly as in his own. Being very popular in the neighborhood, he became of great assistance to me, by advocating my cause, and extending, by his favorable representations, my circle of practice.

The plantation adjoining Jerry's father's was possessed by an old, broken-down Virginian, who, having dissipated our fortune in conforming to the requirements of fashionable life, had come into the swamp, to endure its many privations, in order that he might recruit his impoverished finances.

Adversity, or something better, had taught him the folly of the prominent foible of the Virginian—insane State pride, and consequent individual importance. His mind was prepared to test men by the proper criterion—merit, without regard to the adventitious circumstances of birth, wealth, or nativity.

Major Smith deserves the meed I believe, for being the first one of the race to acknowledge that he was not an F. F.; which confession proved to me that he really was one of the very first of the land.—But, in describing the father, I am neglecting by far the most interesting, if not the most important character of the story—his daughter—a sweet, blooming girl of seventeen, at the time of which I write. Ah! she was the bright exemplar of her sex! Look in her eye—so luminous, yet so tender, and far down in its dreamy still waters, you could see the gems of purity and feeling glimmering; listen to her voice—and never yet forest bird, on the topmost leafy bough, gave forth such a gush of melody, as when it rose and melted away in a laugh; her modesty and timidity—you have seen the wild fawn, when pausing on the brink of some placid lake, it sees its beautiful image reflected in the waters—thus shrink she, as if into herself, when voice of love, or praise or admiration stole into her ears—and yet, with all her maidenly reserve and timidity, she loved and was loved. Knowing that I am a bachelor, think not, in this recital, that my swelling heart is tearing open anew wounds which time and philosophy have just enabled me to heal. No! my fair friend—for friend she was, and is—never kindled in my heart the flames of love, or heard aught of the soft impeachment from me; for long before I had seen her, the "Swamp Doctor" had wedded his books and calling—rather a frigid bride, but not an unprolific one, and her yearly increase, instead of bringing lines of anxiety to my brow, smooths the wrinkles that care and deep thought—certainly it can not be age—Lord! Lord! I have broken my wig-string—have dropped upon my visage!

My friend Jerry was the favored mortal, and without doubt, in an equal intensity reciprocated her love; but cowardice had hitherto prevented an avowal upon his part, and the two lovers, therefore, dwelt in a delicious state of uncertainty and suspense. No one, to know Jerry, as the majority of men—going through the world with their noses either too elevated or too depressed for observation—know their kind, would have thought him a coward; but I knew as respected women, a more errant poltroon did not exist. He could have met any peril that resolution, strength, or a contempt for life could overcome, without fear of the consequences of the least reverse; and yet he dared not for his life tell a pretty girl that he loved her, and would be highly pleased and sorter tickled, too, if she would marry him." There was something ever terrible in the idea of such an avowal, than fighting bears, hugging Indians, or strangling panthers.

The poor girl, with the intuitive perception of her sex, had long perceived that Jerry loved her as ar-

dently as if the avowal on his part had already been made. Almost daily she saw him, eagerly she awaited a declaration, but poor Jerry never could get his courage to the sticking point; like Bob Acres it would ooze out of his fingers' points, in spite of himself and his determination to bring things to the condition of a fixed fact.

Matters were in this state when I became acquainted with them; she was willing, he was willing, and yet, if they kept on the way they were pursuing, they both bid fair to remain in single blessedness for a long time to come. Deeply interested in the welfare of both parties, I thought I could not manifest my sympathy better than by kindly interfering and producing that crisis which I knew would accord with the feelings of both.

A slight attack of fever of the lady's, not requiring medical aid, but which a father's fears magnified, and would not be allayed until I was sent for, introduced me fully to the confidence of the daughter; and a trite experiment, which I tried upon her, convinced me that all my friend Jerry had to do was to ask, and it would be given.

Holding in my fair patient's hand, which, resting in mine, looked like a pearl in a setting of jet, I placed my fingers upon her pulse, and, pretending to number it, accidentally, as it were, mentioned Jerry's name—the sudden thrill that pervaded the artery assured me that she loved—lifting my eyes to her face, I gave her an expressive look, which suffused her beautiful countenance, as if she was passing into the second stage of scarlet fever.

My next duty was to seek Jerry. I found him seated on a log, under a shady willow by the edge of the bayou, pole in hand, assuming to be angling. The tense state of his line and an occasional quiver of the pole, indicated that a fish was hooked. Passing unnoticed by him, a stranger would have come to one of three conclusions: that he was deranged, in love, or a born fool.

Walking up to him briskly, without his hearing me, although I made considerable noise getting down the bank, I slapped him on the shoulder to attract his attention, and as I had several patients to visit, and time was precious, without waiting for the usual salutations of the day, commenced my address in a real quarter race manner:—

"Jerry, for a sensible man, and a fellow of courage, you are the least—dest fool and coward unhung. You love a girl—the girl loves you. You know that the old people are willing, and that the girl is only waiting for you to pop the question, to say, 'Yes!' and yet, instead of having the thing over, like white folks, and becoming the head of a respectable family, here you sit, like a knot on a tree with the moss commencing to grow on your back, pretending to be a fish, and yet not knowing that a big cat is almost breaking your line to shivers.

"Now I want to do you a service, and you must take my advice. Jerk that fish out, take the hook out of his mouth, and then put him back in the bayou—perhaps his sweetheart was waiting for him when he got hung; and as you are in a like predicament, you should be able to say to the girl, 'That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me!' Go home, put on a clean shirt, shave that hair off your face and upper lip; for a sensible woman never will accept a man, with nothing but the tip of his nose visible from the wilderness of hair. Dress yourself decently, go up to Smith's, wait till you get rested, then ask the girl to take a walk in the garden—gardens are the best places to make love in—to look at the flowers, to eat radishes, to suck grapes—anything for an excuse to get her there—and when you have got her under the arbour don't fall on your knees, or any of our fool novel notions, but stand straight up before her, take both of her hands in yours, look her dead in the eyes, and ask her, in a bold, manly way—as if you were pricing pork—to marry you. Will you do it? Speak quick! I am interested in the matter, for you don't do it to-day, by the Lord, I will, for myself, to-morrow, have held off for you long enough; and if you don't bring matters to a close, as I say, in the next twenty-four hours, as cold weather is coming on, I'll try my hand myself in the courting line—you know doctors are the very devil amongst the women!"

This method of address alarmed Jerry, and he promised he would do as I directed.

Accompanying him home, I saw him fairly dressed, and then left him, as the demands of my patients were urgent.

Jerry mounted his steed, and set off at a brisk canter for Maj. Smith's. It was only a mile and a half, and would have been travelled in a quarter of an hour, had the steed kept his gait. But somehow, as the distance shortened, the canter ceased, and a pace superseded it; the last half, his gait had moderated to a walk; and when he made the last turn in the road, his horse was browsing the grass and cane. Up to the last few hundred yards, Jerry was as brave as a panther with cubs, and determined on following out my prescription; but the moment the house, with its white chimney, commenced appearing round the bend of the bayou, the white pin feathers began to peep out in his heart, and verily, nothing, I believe, but my threat, if he proved recreant to-day, of courting her myself on the morrow, kept him from giving up the chase, and retreating his steps home.

But the house was reached, and the hearty voice of the Major, bidding him alight, cut off all retreat. He was fairly in it.

Jerry got down, left the yard gate carefully open behind him, led his horse up the Major's fine grass-walk to the steps, and was about bringing him into the house, when a servant relieved him of the task by carrying the steed to the stable. Not noticing the air of astonishment with which the old Major was regarding him, he shook hands with the negro for Maj. Smith, and bowing to a large yellow water-jar, addressed it as "Miss Mary," and then finished the performance by sitting down in a large basket of eggs, the sudden yielding of his seat, and the laughter of both father and daughter, aroused him to a full consciousness of how ridiculously he was acting. His apologies and explanations only served to render him worse, and he therefore wisely determined to take a chair and say nothing more. Dinner was shortly announced, and this he concluded in very respectful style without making any more serious mistake than eating cabbage with a spoon, or helping the lady to the drum-stick of the chicken. A cigar was smoked after dinner, and then the old Major, giving a guess how the land lay, declared he must take his afternoon nap, and retired, leaving the field to Jerry and the daughter. "Now or never," was the motto with Jerry.

The old Major, in addition to planting cotton, retrieving a dissipated fortune, was a great dabbler in horticulture, and had bestowed great attention upon the cultivation of the grape. By much care and grafting, he had so improved upon the common varieties of the country as to render them but slightly inferior to the choicest foreign specimens. An extensive arbour was in the middle of the garden—the finest and most extensive in the swamp—and this was literally covered with the rudely clusters of grapes, now in the fullest tide of ripeness.

"Now or never," I say, was the word with Jerry. Making a desperate effort, he faltered out, "Miss Mary, your father has a very fine garden! shall we go see the grapes? I am very fond of them, Miss Mary! do you like grapes, Miss Mary? Ha ha!" The cold sweat bursting out from his forehead.

"Very much, Mr. Wilson, and yours are really very fine, considering that they have not the quality of being exotics to recommend them to our taste. I will accompany you to taste them with much pleasure," replied Miss Mary; and slipping into the house, soon appeared, with the sweetest little sun-bonnet on that witching damsel ever wore.

Jerry, frightened nearly to death by the awful propinquity of the question popping, could scarcely and, for his agitation and poor Miss Mary, apprehending from Jerry's manner that the garden was destined to become the recipient of me awfully horrible avowal—perhaps Jerry had murdered somebody and his conscience was forcing him to disclose, or he had discovered that the insurrection of the negroes was contemplated; or—surely he was not going to make a declaration—no! she knew it was nothing of the kind—began to participate in Jerry's trepidation. More like

criminals proceeding to execution, than young people going to pluck grapes; they sought the garden; the gate was closed behind them, and in a few moments more they stood under the arbour.

The grapes were hanging down upon all sides in the greatest profusion; and, twining their purple masses together, seemingly cried—'Come eat us!'

Jerry was the very picture of terror. Oh! how he wished he was safe at home! But it was too late to retreat—he could only procrastinate. But still, men had gone as far as walking in a secluded garden with a lady, and then died old bachelors. But then that infernal doctor—to-morrow—the die was cast, he would go on. The question was, how should he approach the subject so as not to destroy life in the lady, when his dreadful business was announced? He must prepare her for it gradually—the grapes offered an introductory—the impolite fellow, not to offer her any during the long time they had been in the arbour—they had just a second before reached it.

Plucking off a large bunch, he handed them to her, and selected a similar one for himself. They were devoured in silence, Jerry too badly frightened to speak, and Mary wondering what in the world was to come next. The grapes were consumed, another pair of bunches selected—the sound of their champing jaws was all that broke the stillness. Jerry's eyes were fixed on his bunch, and Mary was watching the motions of an agile snail. The cluster was in process of disappearance, when Jerry, summoning his whole energies, commenced his declamation:—

"Miss Mary, I have something to impart"—here he came to a full stop, and looked up, as if to draw inspiration from heaven; but the dangerous foliage intercepted his view, and only two grapes met his eye—and his juices required to be gone through with several processes, before much exhalation or eloquence can be drawn from it. Plucking a quantity, he swallowed them, to relieve his throat, which was becoming strangely dry and harsh.

Miss Mary, poor girl, was sitting there, very much confused, busily eating grapes; neither she nor Jerry knew, whilst continuing to eat, the quantity that had been consumed: their thoughts were elsewhere.

"Miss Mary," again upspoke Jerry, "you must have seen long before this—but lat your bunch is eaten—have some more grapes—Miss Mary? I like them very much"—amidst much snubbing and champing, another package of grapes was warehoused by lovers.

Jerry's fix was becoming desperate; time away flying rapidly, and he knew one subject would soon be exhausted, for he could eat but few more grapes. Oh! how he wished that fighting a paucity, first fight, had been made one of the conventionalities of society and assumed to be declaratory of the soft passion! how quickly would his bride be wooed!—but those infernal words! he could never allow them to go as to express what he meant.

"Miss Mary, you must know that I saw Dr. Censur, to-day, he told me—have some more—Miss Mary, they won't hurt you. I have come expressly to ask you—have another mouthful for assist—I have come, Miss Mary, to propose another small bunch."—"Mary, I have come," he almost shrieked, "to ask you to have—only a few more—Oh! Lord!" and he wiped the cold sweat off his forehead; his pluck would not hold out.

Mary, frightened at his vehemence, said nothing, but ate on mechanically, anxious to hear what it was that Jerry wished to disclose.

Again he marshalled his forces: the sun was declining in the west, and the mellow would perhaps, see the "Swamp Doctor," with his glib tongue, breathing his vows—"Miss Mary, [I love] grapes—no, you grapes—will you have me—some grapes—sorry me no grapes—yes, me! Oh! Lord! it is all over! You will—bless you—I must have a kiss. You haven't consented yet—but you must!" The barrier seemed to drop, the spell was lifted off his tongue, and Jerry in a stream of native eloquence, running the water for being so long pent up, plead his urgency; could it be unsuccessful? Oh! not surely had made up her mind long ago.

Side by side, now, all their diffidence vanished; they sat under the blessed arbour, and discoursed of their past feuds, and bright hopes for the future! Jerry held the head of his mistress on his lean and noble breast, and, in a sweet and pure strain he pictured forth the quiet domestic life they would lead when married, and they could scarcely believe that the impatient fellow who now talked so glibly, and in solitude, in title of her rebukes, kisses unnumbered, was the timid nervous swain of a few minutes before.

But lo! behold what a sudden transformation! As Harry struck some discordant note, his sweet melody of the future—for Mary's affections are contracted, as if with pain, and pretty face, in spite of herself, wears a sadder aspect. Rather early I wince, for Mary to commence the shrew—if I am wrong, let reader, attribute the error to the ignorance of an old bachelor. Jerry, too, seems to partake of the sour contagion—he stamps upon the ground, writhes his body about, and presses his hand upon his stomach, ignorant, presumptuous, of anatomy. He meant to lay open his heart, poor fellow! he got too close down. Mary, too, is evincing the force of her affection; and with the same plausible ignorance of the locality of the sinners. Verily, love is affecting them singularly. It may be a pleasant passion, but at times, people who certainly have a fresh, I do not say genuine, article of love, look anything but happy accepted lovers,—what can be the matter?—They have just cut an extract from one of Cowper's beauties—but can poetry produce such an effect?—they groan, and writhe their bodies about, to wound press their hearts, if they only lay

Where the digestive apparatus certainly does. Can the grapes have anything to do with their queer contents? "Heaven's! Jerry cries, as a horrid suspicion flashes over his mind, "The cholera! The cholera! Dearest we will die together, locked in each other's arms!" and Jerry sought to embrace his lady love; but she was *scurched* up, I believe the ladies term it, and as he had assumed the same globular position, approximation could not be effected, and death had acquired another pang, from their having to meet him separate.

Fortunately for them, the Major had got his sleep out some hours before, aged, becoming anxious at their prolonged stay, set out to seek them. As the garden was a quiet, secluded place, he thought them most likely to be there, and there he found them, labouring under the influence, not so much of love as—the truth must out!—an *overdose* of grapes; and you know how they affect the system.

A boy was despatched post haste after me. Fortunately I was at home, and quickly reached the spot. I reached the house, and was introduced immediately to the apartment where both the patients lay. A glance at their condition and position explained the cause fully of their disease. A hearty emetic effected a cure; and the first child of Jerry and Mary Wilson was distinctly marked on the left shoulder with a bunch of grapes.

Facts about Digestion.

The gastric juice is essential to digestion. It is caused to flow into the stomach as soon as any substance is introduced into it, whether it be a piece of leather or a piece of beef steak. This juice contains an acid, and the more indigestible any article of food is, the greater amount of sourness does the gastric juice contain; hence when persons eat something that does not agree with them, that is, not easily digested, they say it soured on the stomach, or complain of heartburn; the use to make of this is, whatever article of food is followed by sour stomach or heart-burn, that article is hard of digestion to that stomach, and ought to be avoided altogether—at least, it should be taken in diminished quantity. But do not forget that different stomachs bear different things; and what disagrees with you to-day, may agree very well next month, and the stomach must be humored, however fickle it may seem.

Some time, however, shall I say nearly always, people eat so much that there is not gastric juice or acid enough to digest food; then it ferments, produces belching, colicky pains, sick stomach, and the like.—Therefore, common vinegar, which has of the properties of the gastric juice than any other known substance, is often used to very great advantage, especially by persons who have weak stomachs, to aid the stomach in digesting articles which are known to be difficult of digestion. Hence, vinegar is plentifully used with cabbage, raw orbished, with cucumbers, &c. Hence, too, is it that soups of various kinds are eaten, and sour-crust almost digested by the vinegar it contains, before it is eaten. Hence, too, it is that some cases of loose bowels are cured by eating plentifully of good fat fruits uncooked, as they supply sourness to digest those undigested articles of food which give rise to the diarrhoea, and are not of a bilious character. Hence, too, a good ripe apple or two, a little sour, after a hearty breakfast or dinner, is advancing one rather than otherwise, provided not much more than the juice is swallowed. The better plan, by far, is, however, not to eat so much as to require an apple to save us from the effects of our imprudence.

SOMETHING PITHY.—Four clergymen—a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Roman Catholic, met by agreement to dine on a fish. Soon as "grace was said," the Catholic rose, armed with a knife and fork, and taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, explaining as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction "*Papa est caput ecclesie*,"—"the Pope is the head of the church." Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself, saying "*Finis coronat opus*,"—"the end crowns the work." The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed: "*In media est veritas*,"—"truth lies between the two extremes." Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate, and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of drawn [melted] butter, he dashed it over them, exclaiming: "*Ego baptizo vos*,"—"I baptize you."

On the day of an eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were without doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously along one of the principal streets.

"Where does my lord wish to go?" said the driver.

"To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window, "only drive up to it as near as possible, for I am short sighted."

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I am trying, grandmama, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting that man see it," said the boy, pointing to the gentleman, "for papa wants him to think he is out."

How wonderful are the revolutions which steam hath wrought in the world! The diamond, we are told, is pure carbon; and the dream of the alchemist has long been to dis-embellish the gem, in its translucent purity from the sooty mass dug up from the coal-field. But if the visionary has failed to extricate the fair spirit from its earthly cementations, the practical philosopher has produced from the grimy lump a gem, in comparison to which the diamond is valueless,—has evoked a Titanic power, before which the gods of an ancient fable could not hold their heaven for an hour; a power wielding the thunderbolt of Jove, the sledge of Vulcan, the club of Hercules; which takes to itself the talaria of Mercury, the speed of Iris, and the hundred arms of Briareus. Aye, the carbon gives us, indeed, the diamond after all; the white and feathery vapor that rises from the panting boiler is the priceless pearl of the modern utilitarian.

Without steam man is nothing—a mere zoological specimen—Lord Monboddo's ap-erient (the caudal elongation of the vertebrae). With steam, man is everything. A creature that unites in himself the nature and the power of every animal; more wonderful than the ornithorynchus—he is fish, flesh, and fowl. He can traverse the illimitable ocean with the gambolings of the porpoise, and the snort of the whale; rove through the regions of the earth with the speed of the antelope, and the patient strength of the camel; he essays to fly through the air with the steam wing of the aeronauticon, though, as yet, his pinions are not well fledged, and his efforts have been somewhat Icarian.—And, albeit our own steam aeronavigation is chiefly confined to those involuntary gambols (as Sterne happily called Sancho's blanket-tossing) which we now and then take at the instance of an exploding boiler, yet may we have good hope that our grandchilden will be able to "take the wings of the morning," and sip their cup of tea at Peking. He is more than human, and little less than di-vinity. Were Aristotle alive, he would de-note the genus "homo"—neither as "animal rational" nor yet "animal sentient," but "animal VAPORANS." True it is, doubtless, that man alone can enjoy his joke. He hath his laugh, when the monkey can but grin and the ape jabber; his thinking he shares with the demented elephant; but who is there that can "get up the steam," but man?—Man! say we, "is an animal that vaporeteth," and we will venerate one Stephenson's pa-tent high pressure engines against our cook's potato steamer, than Dr. Whately will affirm our definition.

The following from an exchange paper is rather impudent, but at the same time contains some good advice:

"Ladies, finish priming before you come on the street—it looks bad to see a lady pinning her cape, or pulling on her gloves after she has left the house; and then you should regulate the powder on your face before the glass, and not have to wipe and rub after you have started out."

The "Bright Side."—There is more sunshine than rain—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears, in this world. Those who say to the contrary, we would not choose for hot companions.—The good heart, the tender feelings, and the pleasant disposition, make smiles, love and sunshine every where. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—and who has not seen its effect? A smile is like the budding out of the sun behind a cloud, to him who thinks he has no friend in the wide world. The tear of affec-tion, how brilliantly it shines in the dark path-way of life! A thousand gems make a milky way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster over our heads.

Night.—Night is beautiful itself, but still more beautiful in associations. It is not linked as day is, with our cares and toils—the busi-ness and littleness of life. The sunshine brings with it action; we rise in the morning, and our task is before us; and night, comes, with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask out of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought.—Imagination has thrown her glories around the midnight—the orb of heaven, the silence, we shallows are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight falls upon pavement and roof, the ear would be soothed, and mind elevated, amid the loveliness of night's deepest and stillest hours.

Washing Made Easy for Nothing.

WASTING FLUID.—One pint Al-cohol, one pint Spirits Turpentine, two ounces of Ammonia, one ounce Gum Camphor.

Put the above in a tight bottle—keep tight—shake before using.

MANNER OF USING.—Three ta-blespoons full of the mixture to the pint of soap, or its equivalent of bar-soap dissolved in water.

For five gallons of water this is enough. Pet clothes to soak in water to which you have added the mixture, and soap. Let them soak twenty or thirty minutes. Bring them out and boil in pure water, use no more soap. Rinse them and hang them out, no rubbing needed.

Colored clothes put in the same water in which the white were washed.

The Mayor of Pittsburgh has a somewhat original idea of his ministerial duties in re-ference to drunkards. He compels them, be-fore leaving his presence, to take the temper-ance pledge.